

LYNX GNAWS OFF LEG OF HER CUB.

MOTHER ADOPTS HEROIC MEASURES TO SAVE TRAPPED OFFSPRING.

FOOT IS CAUGHT IN A TRAP

Hunter Sees the Operation and Out of Compassion He Spares Lives of the Little Beasts.

Chambers Junction, Que.—Henry Tate, a trapper, got track of a silver gray fox a few weeks ago and used his utmost skill to catch the valuable animal. He set several traps, and was sure that the fox sprung one of them. Thinking that the steel jaws were not heavy enough to hold so clever a prisoner, he finally set a wolf trap near an old log and then baited it with a live chicken.

For three days he fed the chicken without even getting sight of the fox but on the fourth he heard sounds as he neared the spots. The sounds were evidently made by two animals, but not foxes, and he approached cautiously. Peering through the bushes he saw an old bay lynx and an eight-month-old cub directly over the trap. The young one was crying out with pain, while the old one now and then snarled and growled.

Tate thought that he had both animals in the trap, but he soon saw he was mistaken, for the old lynx jumped away a few feet, sniffed for danger signs and then returned to her offspring, which had been securely nipped by a foreleg. She seemed to be exceedingly busy, and the trapper, always on the lookout for some new phase of animal life, determined to fathom the mystery before he shot the animals.

Working around to a better point of vantage, he observed that the mother lynx was liberating the cub by cutting off its leg with her sharp teeth. As she gnawed the cub squealed, but the parent paid little attention to his outcries. Evidently he hadn't the nerve to do the job himself, so she had taken matters into her own hands. She worked carefully, but with determination, and at the end of a few minutes the lynx was free.

A trapper is not supposed to be particularly tender-hearted, but Tate never raised his rifle when the old lynx slowly moved off with her limping cub. He let them go and then approached the tree to which it was attached and lacerated her own jaws gnawing the sharp teeth of the trap.

"I never knew a lynx to rescue her young in that way," said Tate, after telling of the incident; "but I once knew a whole family of barn owls to do so."



The Mother Lynx Was Gnawing at Her Offspring's Leg.

sit about an imprisoned one until it died. The owl had been caught in a trap, and from the number of bones lying about I am sure that its comrades brought it food until death came from exposure. How long it was a prisoner I don't know, but I am sure it was more than two weeks, as I passed near the spot now and then, and remember seeing the owls circling about. It was a month later that I stumbled over the trap which had been set by another hunter who forgot it."

CATS AND THE MAN

WHY RAWLS OBJECTS TO TAKING SECOND PLACE.

Willing to Leave to All the World if He Was Justified in Taking the Drastic Action Protested Against.

Up on the West Side there is a man named Rawls, who wants to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Human Beings. Rawls says such a society is urgently needed. He says there are plenty of condemned fools in the world who are wandering about the world, shedding crocodile tears over the woes of spavined cab horses, stump-tailed dogs and loud-mouthed cats; but when a plain, ordinary human being raises his voice in distress and cries aloud for relief the Good Samaritans pass to the other side of the street.

It was cats that were the cause of all Rawls' troubles. He had just moved into new quarters and had an elegant bedroom, into which came an abundance of air and light from the air shaft on which it was situated. He felt immensely pleased with his new place, and retired to rest the first night with a feeling of comfort and quiet.

But it was not for long. Hardly had his thoughts begun to shape themselves into fantastic dreams when a longdrawn-out caterwaul rose from the bottom of the air shaft. This was answered from the back yard, which was connected with the air shaft by an alleyway.

With a muttered curse, Rawls bounded from his bed and threw up a window, letting in a blast of raw air that made his toes curl. "Scat, you devil!" he shouted.

But a half dozen pair of green eyes merely glanced up at him in a casual fashion, and then their owners faced each other again and resumed their cursing. Closing the window in impatient rage, Rawls was creeping back to bed, when a second altercation broke out below. Hastily grabbing up an old shoe, he slammed the window up again and hurled the shoe down into the mass of moving fur. It fell with a clatter and the enemy fled.

Chuckling gleefully to himself, Rawls once more sought his bed. There was a dense silence for a time, but within an hour the wails below were as bad as ever, only this time they were around in the alley, where he could not reach them with a missile. It seemed to him the mewlings



Rawls Added a .22 Flobert Rifle to His Arsenal.

continued all night, and the next morning he could not remember having slept any.

It was the same story for the several nights succeeding, and Rawls was getting wan and pale on account of lack of sleep.

Finally in his desperation he added a .22 Flobert rifle to his arsenal, and that night, when the first green-eyed marauder appeared in the airshaft, he shot him dead. He also took several other shots at long range and reduced the noise that night to a considerable extent.

He continued his warfare for several nights and was beginning to congratulate himself on being a benefactor of mankind, when early one morning, as he was dressing, there came a knock at his door and he was confronted by a low-browed individual who stated that several of the neighbors had complained that he (Rawls) was shooting their pet cats and that he must warn him to desist, else in his capacity as agent for the S. P. C. A. he would feel called upon to prosecute him for cruelty to animals!

"Cruelty to animals!" shrieked Rawls, "why, man alive!"—then he realized that it would be useless to argue with this low-browed person. He contented himself with saying he hadn't thought of it and closed the door, whereupon, it is said by his friends, that he immediately collapsed.

Rawls has moved again, and once more has recovered his accustomed geniality of temper, but there is no one of his friends who any longer dares to mention that magic combination of letters: "S. P. C. A."—New York Press.

Twins 87 Years of Age.

Twins are common enough, but it is rare indeed that the pair of them attain the age of 87 years. But in the case of Messrs. David and Jonathan Condon they have reached this age without severing their partnership. They were born in Devonport, England, in 1819, and until they reached middle age it was a matter of considerable difficulty to tell them apart; while even now, at the advanced age of 87, it is not easy to detect which is which, so great is the resemblance. They are both active, and have known but little illness.

FIRM IN HIS PATRIOTISM.

With Usual Boast American Greeted Resurrection Day.

When a patriotic young American made his first trip abroad from Boston he took in Paris, of course, and his friends there in the American colony—and he had many—saw that he "had a good time." They showed him all the sights, took him to the Louvre, Luxembourg, Eiffel tower, etc., etc., but nothing could astonish him or excite more than a very moderate admiration. His usual comment before paintings, statuary, etc., was "Er, well, that's pretty good, but America's ahead of the world."

This became monotonous at last, and his friends resolved to stop it, if possible. They therefore gave him a dinner, and put a mild soporific in his wine, and after it had produced the desired effect they got him into a hack and took him to one of the underground Paris crypts, where the skeletons and bones have accumulated for centuries, and are arranged in niches in the walls; coffins are lying about, some of them empty. He was laid in one of them; a single candle was left burning, and his friends concealed themselves to await results.

In course of time the sleeper awoke, stretched, and sat up in his coffin, looking around him in some bewilderment at first. While gazing around he said at last in a meditative tone: "H'm—Resurrection morning—in the first one up," then he leaped from the coffin, and waving his arm shouted "America ahead of the world!"

His friends thereafter abandoned him as incurable.

WHEN THE REINDEER BALKS.

Occupants of Sledge Take Refuge Beneath Vehicle.

The little incident depicted in this arctic scene is quite a common one in that part of Russia, Norway and Sweden that is known as Lapland, says London Answers. It is quite amusing, provided you are not too intimately concerned with it.



In driving a reindeer, a single rope of reindeer skin is used as rein and whip, and to cause the animal to increase his pace the rein is swung smartly against his flank.

This being done, the reindeer may either consent to move faster, or, quite as likely, he may turn sharp round and charge at the driver.

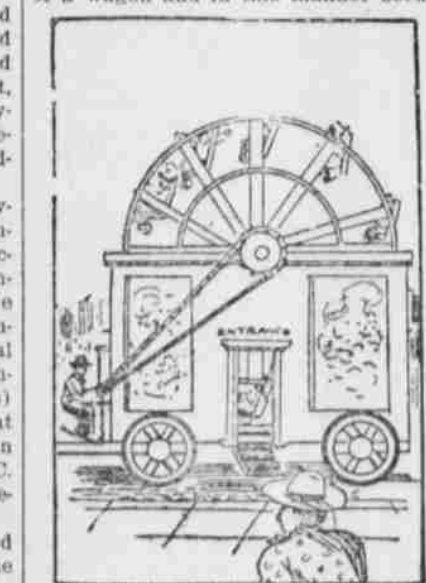
Therefore, experienced travelers use sledges that are mounted on high runners, and when the reindeer raises a protest, the travelers promptly tumble out into the snow and scramble into safety underneath their vehicle.

The reindeer, if "peppery," is not a really bad-tempered creature, and after a few prods with its horns at the sledge, it starts scraping in the snow for a mouthful of reindeer moss. Then the travelers emerge; everything is adjusted, and on they go again until "next time."

TURNED BY FOOT PEDAL.

Ingenious Device on Ferris Wheel Intended for Children.

A Philadelphia inventor conceived the idea a few years ago of building a merry-go-round on the running-gear of a wagon and in this manner securing the patronage of the children of the more densely populated portions of the large cities. The idea proved to be a happy one in every respect. The delights of a merry-go-round experience were enjoyed for a penny by hundreds of children who had never seen such a device before and who never had five cents to spend on such a disposition, even if they had the opportunity.



Operated by a Foot Pedal.

A similar innovation has been recently devised in a Ferris wheel, which is portable in the same manner as the merry-go-round referred to above. The big wheel, supplied with 12 seats, is mounted on a low truck. It is partially inclosed and has a door at the side through which the little patrons pass in and out. Having been loaded with its passengers the wheel is revolved by a pedal under the foot of the operator, who is seated in front.

Since last year the coal companies of India have advanced prices nearly 100 per cent.

BOY BATTLES WITH MAD DOG IN DARK.

FALLS UNCONSCIOUS CLUTCHING THROAT OF DEAD BEAST AFTER DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

CRIES OF YOUTH UNHEEDED

Parents Think He Is Joking Until His Limp Form Is Found—Unconscious Victor Is Carried Home.

Evanston, Ill.—Facing a huge foam shot, maddened dog alone in the darkness, Johnnie Bruchos, 14 years old, fought the fight of a child gladiator the other night, and when his parents found him hours afterward he was lying torn and unconscious, upon the body of the animal, which he had strangled to death with his small hands.

The child won the death battle with the beast, but, it is feared, at the expense of his own life. The little fellow was rushed on a fast train to the Pasteur Institute in Chicago. His wounds were cauterized and every effort known to medical science was exerted by the physicians to save him from hydrophobia. The result will not be known for several days.

The struggle of the boy and the mad dog lasted for many minutes. His screams were heard by those living in the neighborhood. But those who heard paid no attention. They thought the boy was joking.

It was a literal repetition of the old fable of the boy who cried "Wolf!" with a possible reversal of the sequel. Even the members of the Bruchos family heard the cries of their son, and members of the family started up. But one of them said, "Oh, no; Johnnie is only joking." So they sat down again, while the child carried on his grim death struggle in the darkness.

The mad dog was almost as big and heavy as the child. He is believed to have entered the yard where Johnnie was playing and to have sunk his teeth into the boy's left arm.

Then it was that Johnnie screamed for help. It was after six o'clock at night and darkness had fallen. Johnnie could only feel his antagonist. He fought with his freed small fist and kicked with his feet as he called: "Papa! Mama! Come come, come!"

The beast loosened its grip on the child's wrist and buried its fangs in the forearm higher up, as the torn flesh shows. Then it was that the instinct of self-preservation led the lad to adopt the tactics so strikingly described in the stories of the old Roman Coliseum and the battles of man and beast in Nero's arena.

With his free right hand the boy

felt in the darkness for the throat of the dog.

Foam flecks on his coat sleeve tell the mute story of how the lad carefully sought the animal's windpipe. Once found, Johnnie threw all the strength of his small physique into that throttling grasp.

The struggle that followed carried boy and beast over the ground in a wrestle of madness on one side, desperation on the other. How long it lasted is not known. But it did come to an end, as the grip of the child



The Child Slowly Strangled the Maddened Brute.

gradually gagged the beast. Locked in a death grip the two sank to the ground. The boy's limp form lay over the body of the animal.

In this position they were found. It was with difficulty that the muscle-gripped arm of the lad was pried from about the neck of the animal. Small Johnnie, unconscious victor, was carried into the house and a doctor hurriedly summoned. After a while the child was revived.

"He will recover if he does not suffer from the madness," the physician told the lad's parents, and then had him hurried to the Pasteur Institute for treatment.

The boy regained consciousness for a few minutes after the arrival of the physician. He told about the attack as follows:

"After the dog had bitten me the first time I tried to choke him, but that only made it worse and he came after me again. I put my arm about his neck as tightly as I could and went to sleep."

The dog was a large black animal weighing more than 70 pounds.

YOUNG BOY ATTACKED BY BIG GRAY EAGLE

Monster Bird Swoops Down on Child, Carries Him 50 Yards, Then Releases Him.

Coweta, I. T.—The five-year-old son of Nero Charles, a farmer living near Coweta, was attacked by a large gray eagle a few days ago, and narrowly escaped with his life after being carried 50 yards by the fierce bird. So far as known, this is the first time in the history of Indian Territory that



The Fierce Bird Carried the Child Fifty Yards.

a child has actually been picked up and carried by an eagle.

The child, with others, was playing in a field on its father's farm, near Jackson Ferry, on Verdigris river, eight miles northeast of Coweta, when the eagle swooped down upon him, catching the child's clothing with its talons and starting off. The screams of the other children apparently frightened the eagle, and finding that it could not make much progress with the child, it dropped him 50 yards from the place where he was picked up.

The child weighs 50 pounds, and at no time did the eagle succeed in getting more than eight or ten feet above the ground with him. The child was not injured save for a few bruises and scratches when his parents found him. The eagle made no attempt to strike its talons into the child nor beat him with its wings.

It has been known for some time that there were two gray eagles nesting on the Verdigris river not far from Jackson's Ferry. About ten days ago a farmer named Kirkbride, who lives near the ferry, killed one of the eagles with a rifle. They were very cunning, and it was impossible to get close enough to kill them

with a shotgun. When this eagle was shot it was devouring a pig which it had killed. Since the child was attacked by the eagle another one has been killed, and it is believed that these two are the only ones on the river that are large and fierce enough to cause trouble. Each of the two killed measured over seven feet from tip to tip of wings.

FREAK RODENT MEETS DEATH.

Two Headed Rat Killed While Trying to Run Into Two Holes.

Port Jervis, N. Y.—An unusual curiosity and freak of nature in the shape of a two headed rat was killed in the Victoria hotel, Sussex street.

The proprietor of the hotel, Henry Richardson, heard the rat squeal in the bottom of the dummy waiter shaft. He sent one of his men to kill it and remove it. The rodent was slain with a club, when the discovery was made that it had two heads attached to one body. Both heads were perfectly formed and the two necks holding the heads joined the body at the shoulders, which were abnormally broad. It is unfortunate that the rat was not captured alive, as it would have proved a great curiosity.

It was at first supposed that the rodent squeezed its body through a hole at the bottom of the elevator and could not get back. Examination of the shaft led to the discovery of two rat holes close together, and it was found that each head of the rat took a separate hole to escape, its one body, of course, preventing it.

Hare's Head Like a Cat's.

Cowansville, P. Q.—A wild rabbit, with a head like a cat and the rest of its body like an ordinary hare, has been brought in here by Hugh Ford and is an object of much curiosity. Ford got the hybrid while running rabbits with a hound. As it jumped along in the ordinary way he noted nothing peculiar about it until he picked it up. He then saw that he had a real curiosity. An examination of the animal's stomach showed that it had been eating flesh, the remains of a bird being found. Its teeth, like those of a cat, accounted for its peculiar appetite. As the hybrid was fat and strong, it appears to have been able to get all the food it needed. Probably birds, mistaking it for a rabbit, failed to get out of the way. A cat that can jump 20 feet isn't liable to go hungry, in any event.

Dead Engineer Runs Train.

Toronto, Can.—With the engineer dead at his post and his hand on the throttle the Canadian Pacific railway Hamilton express, tore through Parkdale station the other afternoon. The fireman, alarmed at the increased speed, went to the engineer's box and found the man dead. He applied the emergency brakes and the train came to a standstill. The engineer was John Paul. It is supposed he was struck by a semaphore.

MAN WALKS BAREFOOT IN SNOW TO WIN DRINK

Travels Bareheaded and Shoeless for Half a Mile—Taken for a Lunatic.

Toledo, O.—Without any covering on his feet or head and clad only in a pair of overalls and a thin gauze shirt, W. F. Dowd walked half a mile through ice and snow to win a wager of a glass of wine.

During his tramp hundreds of people stopped to stare at him and finally somebody, thinking him crazy, sent



The Officer Thought Him Insane.

In a hurry call to the police station. A patrol wagon dashed up and Dowd was placed under arrest. At the station Dowd said:

"I am a great believer in this sort of business. I don't know how to account for it, but ever since I can remember I have done just this same sort of thing. Here I've been out in the cold weather and snow for over an hour, and I'm just as warm as you are. It doesn't freeze me."

I served my time in the navy, and frequently on wagers I have gone in an open boat, with nothing on but a pair of canvas trousers and a pea jacket and rowed for two hours, with the waves dashing over me and the thermometer near zero. I never had a cold in all my life, and I have never been sick a day."

Dowd is an iron worker, and a fine

specimen of physical perfection. After a short chat with the officers he was allowed to go, and bareheaded and barefooted, he returned to his home.

DIES IN ANOTHER'S COFFIN.

Strange Fate Befalls Man Who Goes to Get Casket for Dead Neighbor.

Chardon, O.—Arthur Carrier, who was on his way home from Heart's Grove with a coffin which was to be used at the funeral of a neighbor, was found dead inside the coffin when his team drove into the yard at his home. Some think he was murdered, although no marks or evidences of his having been injured were found about his body.

Carrier started out the other night to get the coffin. It is only a ten-mile drive and he was expected back before midnight. When he did not return it was learned by telephone that he had started on the trip back and fearing he had met with harm some of his neighbors started to search for him.

While the searching party was out early in the morning Carrier's team walked into the yard at his home and headed for the barn. Carrier was not on the seat. An examination of the rig disclosed Carrier's body lying in the coffin. He was cold in death.

It is thought while seated in the wagon he was seized with heart disease and tumbled back into the coffin. Some of his friends believe he was murdered and the authorities are investigating.

Women in an Icy Plunge.

Boston.—Two Boston women took a dip in the surf the other day. The mercury stood many degrees below freezing. Soon after noon they walked down to the Winthrop beach in bathing suits and bath robes, watched by a score or more attracted by their evident intention. Casting off their robes the women walked into the surf and waded, plunged, frolicked and swam in the freezing water for some minutes. "We don't care about notoriety," declared one of them. "We like these ocean swims because of the novelty of it and because they are beneficial."

Between Neighbors.

"Those trains do make an awful noise when they go thundering by, don't they?"

"Yes, it's awful, isn't it?"

"Well, it used to seem so, but I rather like the noise now; we can't hear our phonograph when the trains are passing!"—Yonkers Statesman.